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THE COMMONWEAL

A WEEKLY REVIEW OF PUBLIC AFFAIRS, LITERATURE AND THE ARTS

The Church and the Council

WHATEVER THE specific outcome of the Second Vatican Council, it will, almost inevitably, come to be taken as an answer to one over-arching and pressing question. What is the Church's role in the modern world? Perhaps it is unfair that the Council should bear the weight of answering this question. After all, many of the subjects with which it is certain to deal will concern comparatively minor canonical and disciplinary matters. Again, the Council was not called to deal with all the problems which face Christians in the modern world. Nevertheless, what the Council does is bound to be taken as the fullest contemporary expression of the Church's self-understanding. Even if, by some unlikely chance, the Church does nothing noteworthy in the Council, this too will be taken as an answer and as something of a sign.

For very much in the future life of the Church rests on the work of this Council. For one thing, Pope John XXIII himself has led and encouraged the Church to set its sights very high at the Council. He has asked for nothing less than a magnificent display of the Church's contemporary witness to Christ's saving Word, nothing less than a demonstration to the whole world that the Church bears the unmistakable marks of its Divine Founder and of the indwelling animation of the Holy Spirit. Should the Council fail to achieve the Pope's ideal, then the world as well as the Church will be the loser in its failure.

For another, the preparations for the Council have been the source of a remarkably vital re-animation of the Church's power to examine itself, to confess its sins, to listen to the new and the bold, and to confront directly and unflinchingly the difference between ideal and reality in the daily life of the Church. Should this Council signal any kind of distaste for such an examination of conscience, then the Church and its members are bound to suffer from the chilling winds of dashed enthusiasm, false hopes and thwarted dreams.

In an important sense, the preparations for the Council have brought near to full flower many of the most vital movements of the Church in the past half-century. The Church cannot stand still. The liturgical, Biblical, ecumenical, missionary, lay and catechetical movements are all on the verge of a great forward thrust. If the Council does not provide the comparatively little additional impetus needed, then these movements could very easily decline in spiritual power. Of their nature, these movements are dynamic, requiring ever-renewed help and encouragement. In effect, the Council will be sitting in judgment on these movements; if it does not bless and invigorate them, they will have suffered an important and a quite possibly destructive setback.

YET THERE is every reason to hope that the Council will bless these movements. Despite the known opposition of some cardinals and bishops to many of the most vigorous contemporary movements in the Church, still more have by their help and encouragement indicated how much importance and value they attach to them. It is inconceivable, for instance, that any bishop will have anathemas hurled at his head—as did Bishop Strossmayer at the First Vatican Council—for saying some favorable things about Protestantism. It is inconceivable that any bishop who urges an increased use of the vernacular will be charged with a love of novelty for its own sake. And it is unimaginable that Pope John will model his role in the deliberations on that of Pope Pius IX. It is, in sum, exceedingly likely that this Council will be far more flexible and open than either that of Trent or Vatican I, each of which was beleaguered in many respects.

Perhaps the single most important reason for entertaining hope for positive results from the Council is that the Church is more geographically uni-

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versal than at any time in its two-thousand-year history. Though one may pertinently deplore the unequal distribution of bishoprics in the world, the fact remains that every continent will have a healthy share of representatives. It is simply not possible to think of the Council as, say, an Italian affair with non-Italians cast in the role of weak minorities. Nor, for that matter, can one even cast the Italians themselves in a stereotyped role.

In the end, this Council should be comparatively free of sectional dominations, cultural disproportions and neat party labels. And from all reports, Pope John has shown himself to be scrupulously intent on balancing the various commissions and offices between liberals and conservatives, Europeans and non-Europeans, Germans and Italians, the old and the young.

Of no slight importance, as well, will be the presence of Protestant and Orthodox observers at the Council. The very fact that observers were invited was the healthiest possible sign that the Church does not look upon the Council as an occasion to separate the Church from the world. At the Council itself, their presence should help to maintain an atmosphere of openness, free exchange of ideas, and a wariness of voting for decrees which would appear to cast aspersions on the forces for good, especially in Protestantism, which exist outside of the Catholic Church.

More importantly, their presence may serve as a stimulus to the bishops to open new avenues of rapport and discussion with Protestants and Orthodox. If the way can be cleared for some type of "official" ecumenical discussions, in addition to the present informal ones, a major step toward Christian unity will have been taken.

Yet, however tempting, there is a limited value in analyzing the human factors which will influence the Council. What cannot be forgotten is that the Council is under the protection and influence of the Holy Spirit. This means at least two things. First, it means that human aspirations and desires are open to the confounding power of God, that what God judges to be for the good of the Church may be entirely different from human judgment. Secondly, it means that there will be no easy way for humans to judge whether the Council, in its long-range implications, is a success or not.

What is most important, then, are not the good or bad auguries, much less the personalities of the participants. One thing only is of absolute importance: the Church's response to, and acceptance of, the promptings of the Holy Spirit. Let us all pray that the Church will emerge from the Council in brightest array. Let us all pray that where the Holy Spirit leads we will follow.

The Bowles Memorandum

OBSERVERS have long insisted that a Congressman's support of foreign aid was a handicap rather than a help toward reelection. This creates strong pressures against such programs; Congress' twenty per cent reduction of the Administration's current foreign aid request is the latest manifestation. This time it may be something more than the proverbial opposition to such expenditures. The demand for justifying such spending is growing.

Circulation of the challenging Chester Bowles memorandum among Administration leaders at this juncture—with the summaries of his recommendations in the nation's press—therefore has a special relevance. It has a twofold object: to establish objective standards by which the capabilities and needs of foreign nations can be convincingly assessed, and by this means to reformulate the goals of American foreign aid in terms that will be grasped by the general public.

To arrive at his four types of countries Mr. Bowles sets up a series of searching questions. They deal with productivity and living standards, savings and investment, distribution of wealth, government competence and active solicitude for the national well-being, fiscal and monetary conditions, housing, education, land reform and public health. He admits that the United States itself would have difficulty in scoring well on every question.

But on the basis of how they measure up Mr. Bowles divides the nations involved in our foreign aid into four classes. The first contains those that are relatively well off or would be if only there were better distribution and use of their existing national income. For these he would recommend aid only on a stop-gap basis—for from three to five years at most—until they are able to set their own houses in order through land, tax and monetary reforms. He cites as examples Greece, Lebanon and Cyprus; Argentina, Chile, Uruguay and Venezuela; Panama, Jamaica and Trinidad.

Top priority goes to the second category where despite inadequate productivity there is both competence and the will to utilize a country's own resources to achieve economic and social progress. To such countries as India, Pakistan and Taiwan, El Salvador and Colombia, Nigeria and Tunisia the United States should send its ablest advisers. Countries of this type comprise the focus for a substantial long-term American foreign aid program, preferably coordinated with European and United Nations assistance, in Mr. Bowles' opinion.

In his other two categories the idea is to help other lands to expand the successes they are achieving in certain areas, or, in the case of the fourth

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group, which fails to demonstrate the ability to put any outside assistance to good use, to abandon all such projects. In this latter case American aid would involve only food shipments, the Peace Corps and other advisers. But Mr. Bowles expressly recognizes that decisions on aid programs are ever subject to the exigencies of the cold war.

There is much to be said for a more qualitative approach to the foreign aid problem. Many Americans and the world's uncommitted peoples stand in need of convincing that dramatic economic and social progress can be attained in underdeveloped as well as Marshall Plan countries by cooperation with American aid. All this points to the need for a change in emphasis in our vital foreign assistance programs.

Bedtime Dialogue

IS THE NURSERY you have lovingly provided for your three- to six-year-olds intellectually challenging? It may not be, according to a report just issued by a team of professors at Columbia's venerable Teachers College. The booklet, called "Fostering Intellectual Development in Your Child," maintains that today's Space Age moppet has left the world of fantasy behind for the world of "cause and effect relationships." (In that, he has even outstripped some adults we know.) "Today's children are bombarded by information," the report claims. "The advancement of science, technology, the compactness of living . . . the closeness of the entire world cry out to the children to look, test and learn."

To a reader of the Gospels and the classics, who is probably at least beyond his teens, it comes as no surprise that the child is a repository of wisdom. So great a person as Maria Montessori was fully aware that the child has within himself resources of intellect hitherto unexplored in the schools of the Western world. Yet somehow the image of tiny researchers with furrowed brows, which the Teachers College report conjures up, is considerably less appealing to us than it might be.

We would be very willing to grant the child the precocity there claimed for him, if you would kindly tell us, then, who is to save the adult from his maturity? As it is, we are simply skeptical of the claims the report makes in the first place. We have been looking, so far in vain, for any sign of interest in the Calculus of Infinites from our own little ones. But if our own are so dull, we reasoned, how can others be brighter? Nevertheless, we do recall that a child asked the great St. Augustine of Hippo how, if he could not get the sea into a hole in the sand, could he comprehend in one mind the infinity of God? Now, if the Columbia report indicates a new trend, who is to tell the child?

Berlin Again

FOR A WHILE it looked as if the world was going to be content with the proposition that Berlin is not a city but a state of mind. Recently, however, the almost daily atrocities of the brutal East German border guards have made that a dangerous assumption at best. Yet the call for a "showdown" in the face of these atrocities is hardly more acceptable as a way of disposing of this very-much-alive "skeleton in the closet."

By the unanimous resolution of the House of Representatives, any such "showdown" would commit us to a nuclear war in Europe, a war which Khrushchev has promised us cannot be confined to Europe. Therefore when a leading national newspaper speaks of the most recent offense of the East Germans (their refusal to admit a British military ambulance to aid a West Berliner whom the guards had shot while he was helping an elderly couple through an escape tunnel) as "a matter that calls for more than protests," we must consider the position of that newspaper irresponsible in the extreme. Thankfully, the brakes on the West Berlin military ambulances are not subject to the caprices of our daily press.

On the other hand, the United States is pledged to uphold the original four-power status of Berlin and is prepared to go to war over any infringement of the basic rights of access involved in the four-power agreements. Yet it is equally plain at this time that Khrushchev means to sign the long-delayed "peace" treaty with Herr Ulbricht's East German regime, possibly before December.

The treaty will turn over to the East Germans the control of the access routes to and from West Berlin. Khrushchev's long-declared intention to conclude this treaty makes talk of waiting for the Soviet Union's next "surprise" move in East Berlin all the more puzzling. There should be no more "surprise" over the Soviet-East German pact than there should have been over Hitler's "acquisition" of the Sudetenland.

It is still, of course, just barely possible that Soviet Russia will not conclude its treaty this year. Just last week Mr. Brezhnev, the nominal President of the Soviet Union was rebuffed in his overture to Marshal Tito to join with the Russians in signing the treaty. Tito in point of fact has given clear indication that Yugoslavia would refuse to recognize any such treaty with East Germany unless it was signed by all the Allied powers of World War II.

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It may well be that unless Khrushchev can get the support of Yugoslavia and a significant number of the other "non-aligned" nations, he will put off signing the treaty again. He may be expected to make an appearance at the United Nations General Assembly in the near future just for the purpose of winning support for the treaty from the "neutral" nations.

If Khrushchev does conclude the treaty, however, as he now seems determined to do, how are we prepared to respond? To attack East Germany upon the mere signing of the treaty would be as disastrous as it would be unwarranted. There is nothing about the pact in itself that could give direct cause for aggression. The practical effect of it, of course, will be that East German soldiers, instead of Russian, will man all the check points in Berlin. That is what the United States, together with the Western powers, has said it will not tolerate. Yet, in itself, such a "changing of the guard" would not constitute an encroachment upon the internal rights of West Berlin, and therefore would not at least be an obvious cause for war. This fact, together with the practical certainty that the Russians have no desire to engage the Western powers in a nuclear war over Berlin, ought to make the posing of another question imperative: are we prepared to stake the whole of Western Europe upon our insistence that the Russians keep their own border guards in East Berlin?

De Gaulle Forever?

Paris

IT WAS A calm de Gaulle, master of himself, refreshed by his vacation and the triumph of his visit to Germany, who recently appeared on French television screens. To the citizens who tuned in he stated his intention of consulting them "before long" on his project of constitutional reform. Transformed on this occasion into a professor of law, he stressed the merits of the Constitution of 1958 and especially its new conception of the role of the President of the Republic as "Chief of State and guide of France." But this work will not be finished, he added, until those who will be called to the highest office receive their mandate directly from the ensemble of the citizens: that is to say, are elected by universal suffrage.

With a wave of the hand the General swept away the objections raised by constitutionalist and political leaders. What is nevertheless in dispute is the basis for, and the form of, the project.

The basis: if the Constitution is not changed, the President, who is vested with all power—including authority to dissolve parliament, as de Gaulle did on October 6—will become absolute master of France. Several months ago certain leaders not *a priori* hostile to the setting up of a President-dominated regime therefore proposed amendments to the 1958 Constitution. They demanded either a cutting down of the Presidential term of office to five years, the same as that of the legislature, or, whenever there is a serious conflict between the President and the Assembly, resort to a general election.

The other important dispute in the eyes of these legislators is the form. A special provision of the 1958 Constitution provides for amending it: Article eighty-nine declares that all constitutional reforms must be submitted to the parliament. Article three of the Preamble also provides that every law on the organization of the public powers must be adopted by the representatives of the people *and* by a referendum. But in his television appearance the General took liberties with the text by replacing this "and" by the word "or."

Accordingly, there is much grumbling in parliamentary circles, reproaching the General for having made a game of the rules of a Constitution which he himself had drawn up, and above all for attacking the rights of the elected representatives of the nation. The General therefore realizes that he will have to weather one of the most violent political storms in his career if he does not change the plans that are attributed to him. However, everything seems to indicate that he takes a lively pleasure in braving the storm and defying his adversaries.

Aside from this superficial source of satisfaction, is he taking the best way of carrying the day? There is little question that in addressing himself directly to the country over the heads of the political parties of France, de Gaulle has won the first round. It was a kind of discourse at which he excels, that of a personal dialogue between himself and the French people. Opinion polls have shown that scarcely one voter in a thousand is informed on the substance of the debate; when de Gaulle says "put your faith in me," he is sure to obtain seventy to eighty per cent of the votes.

But will his reform last? Only two possibilities seem likely. Either de Gaulle will die a violent death before the end of his seven-year term, and in this case all constitutional change will be of little importance, for France will find itself in a revolutionary situation. Or he will return to Colombey with his mission accomplished. But in this case his reform will have no chance of surviving unless he accepts the amendments sought by certain of his ministers—amendments involving the

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suppression of the right of dissolving parliament, the institution of the office of vice-president and the shortening of his term of office.

That hardly seems to be in prospect. At the last Council of Ministers the General did not breathe a word when Sudreau, Peyrefitte or Foyer brought forward their proposed amendments. Doubtless we shall learn after the next Council only such details of the provisions for Presidential elections as the method of designating candidates and the extent of the majority that will be required. De Gaulle has never taken seriously the objections to the threat of establishing autocratic power. On the contrary, he has always been persuaded that what the French people need is leaders rather than legislators.

For these reasons the General may be laboring under illusions as to the permanence of the institutions with which he has endowed his country, for his reforms will not survive him. Or, instead, he may have primarily in view the pedagogic aim of accustoming the French people to a regime dominated by the President regardless of whatever modifications will ultimately be brought to the actual working of the system. He also seeks to prove to his adversaries of every political tendency—especially to the Secret Army Organization—that his regime always enjoys strong popular support and that he himself sails before the wind. But this sort of demonstration is quite useless. His present struggle for constitutional reform will not augment the number of his sympathizers and will assuredly increase the number of his adversaries belonging to what it is convenient to call the political class. ROBERT BARRAT

(Robert Barrat, a frequent contributor to these pages, is The Commonweal's Paris correspondent.)

The Composition of the Catholic Minority Today

THOMAS T. McAVOY

IN THE FORTY-THREE years since the formation of the National Catholic Welfare Council after World War I, the political distinction between Catholic and non-Catholic has just about disappeared, especially since a Catholic has now achieved the Presidency—an attainment considered impossible in 1920 and perhaps doubly so after the campaign of 1928. No one denies that there were voters in 1960 who drew a line politically for or against Mr. Kennedy for religious reasons, but the political distinction of the Catholic minority has been practically eliminated.

It is generally agreed that the United States is no longer a Protestant country and the phrase "post-Protestant" is used with no malice by such a noted Protestant historian as Winthrop Hudson. There will always be a tendency for politicians to play on religious sentiment in any community in which Catholics are numerous, but that is just the usual political appeal towards any social or economic as well as religious group. The question facing American Catholics now is how to remove the social and economic barriers to religious harmony. Practically speaking, distinctions in citizenship in the United States are made chiefly according to economic and social privileges.

The use of economic and social advantages as instruments of discrimination has not entirely disappeared from the press or from public discussion. Somehow the Puritan devotion to thrift has not passed from American life—indeed, it seems to be accepted by many who have no Puritan ancestry, including many Catholics. The old phrase "from poor but honest parents" may have disappeared from the obituary notices but there seems to be some notion that failure to attain cultural and social heights must imply some moral fault. As a matter of fact, the historian of the social and cultural United States is baffled by the unwillingness of various groups to admit that their parents or grandparents were poor, or that they could not read and write, because of some moral stigma that may be implied thereby.

Nowhere is the assumption that low attainments socially or financially imply guilt more fallacious than in the religious sphere, yet this moralizing about success is usually implicit in most of the current Catholic self-criticism. Besides the fact that such judgments are religiously unjustifiable, they actually create a great handicap in the efforts of the less privileged to advance. It is a strange development that the "rags to riches"

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tribute to success is not considered much of a compliment.

This is a serious matter among Catholics because the grandparents or great-grandparents of so many millions of American Catholics were poor and ignorant. Certainly they were not American and, despite some vague nationalistic boasting, these ancestors were not cultured or noble. Catholics who act this way about their ancestors are not really different from so many other American citizens, but the percentage of Americans with poor or uncultured ancestors is higher among Catholics than among most American groups, just as the percentage of urban Catholics has been almost nine times as high as that of country Catholics.

A FEW YEARS ago a group of history teachers at a large midwestern state university questioned the incoming freshmen to find out why they were not interested in history. They found that these youngsters said that they were not interested in the European origins of their families or Europe generally because that past to them meant poverty and ignorance, if not oppression and misery.

This turning against the past is perhaps a youthful expression of American pragmatism—it was predicted by Charles A. Beard in the preface to his history of American civilization—but it has helped create a young America which is getting more and more ignorant of its cultural traditions and more and more secular in its ideals. Perhaps the widening horizon of the current social studies which talk frequently of Asian, African, Near Eastern, and Latin American cultures and history would be an advance if these cultures and histories were studied seriously and with depth, but in fact the number of youths who seriously want to know more than how to build a happy home in suburbia is small. The most attractive social studies and the most notable publications discuss marriage or business problems.

Perhaps it is unfair to test the mind or thought of American Catholics by their expression in the press, in books, or in radio and television. In general Catholics are not responsible for much that the public sees by means of public communications media. There is little that Catholics read or hear or see in the theater that has been produced by Catholics. On the contrary, Catholics seldom hear or see anything Catholic.

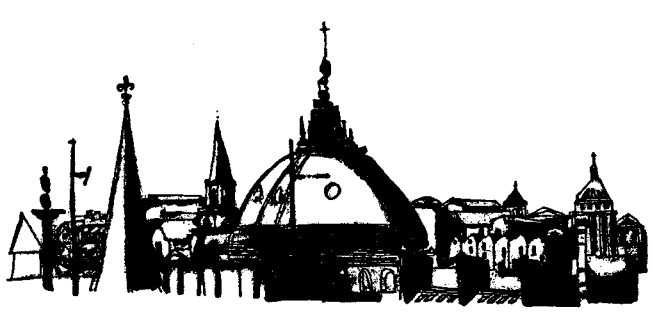
In the overwhelming power of our national capitalistic and mechanized information, it has become almost impossible for any group in the United States to maintain a distinct cultural tradition. Many a working Catholic never reads anything Catholic besides his prayerbook or hears anything religious besides the brief Sunday sermon. The chief hope in this world of mass-produced affairs is the differences of opinion among those who dominate the communications media. Yet if Catholic culture as well as the Catholic faith is to survive, there must be organs of Catholic thought and expression as well as Catholics to see and hear them.

IN PAST GENERATIONS there were several distinctions among Catholic groups in the United States. Sometimes these differences were in political and sometimes in economic status, but the chief difference at the turn of the century was between the Anglo-American Catholic and the non-English groups, of which only the Irish had the native use of the English language.

In the welter of foreign tongues and old national customs among American Catholics there was the basic unity of Catholic doctrine and a sacramental system centered in the same altar and usually the Latin services. Outside of the essential liturgical services in Latin these services gradually became English through the preaching of English sermons, the use of English in the parish schools and in the parish societies, and eventually by civic participation when their lay leaders began to be active in local politics. The Americanization process outside of the Anglo-American group began with the Irish and extended to the Germans, to the Poles, to the Italians, even to the more recent immigrants with foreign language services.

The argument can and will go on for centuries whether the foreign language churches and schools kept the immigrant more Catholic or just hindered him culturally, but in the Protestant America of the nineteenth century the Catholic groups, primarily because of this retention of foreign languages and customs, were generally considered culturally and economically a bit backward. The too-seldom-recognized exceptions were chiefly the Catholic families of English ancestry, including the hundreds of thousands of American converts and their descendants. In this Anglo-American group there was a constant absorption of Irish, French, Germans, and others who, after a generation or so, no longer thought of themselves as anything but American Catholics. Catholic cultural leadership in the United States during the nineteenth century usually arose only in this group.

As leaders in this group, totaling nearly a million before World War I, one might classify the Spaldings, the Elders, the Mileses, the Clarkes, the Brownsons, the McCloskeys and many other families and individuals. As Catholics they have one essential characteristic:



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they know no contradiction between their Anglo-American culture and their Catholicism, and they have had no foreign culture to lay aside. And even if this group has not furnished its full share of Catholic cultural leaders this deficiency can be explained by a limitation in their inheritance of English Catholicism since the Reformation—a sort of acquiescence in being a Catholic minority—loyal and strong but quiescent.

BEING NON-ENGLISH in origin, the more aggressive Catholics in the United States in the nineteenth century were frequently confused in their notions about English culture, thinking that it was originally Protestant. They were too sure that the crudities and irreligious manifestations in American life of the nineteenth century were something American if not English and quite un-Catholic. But after a generation of American life the protecting shields of the Irish, German, Polish, Italian, or Hungarian traditions have yielded to eventual Americanization almost universally. The non-English majority of American Catholics are still refreshingly Catholic in practice and fidelity, but they are often the culturally uprooted, having the culturally negative mentality the quizzing professors found among the youngsters entering college. Oscar Handlin's term "the uprooted" lacks the clarity of the French term *déraciné* but is better than "rootless" for the newer generations. They are not interested in anything old or foreign, and particularly so if hard efforts are required to learn about it.

The more aggressive Catholic leadership in the nineteenth and early twentieth centuries in America came from the parents and grandparents of these same young people. No longer, however, does the new generation have an Irish or German or Polish or Italian tradition on which to lean. Will Herberg has suggested that the rise of religious membership in recent times is primarily a searching for some identification to take the place of that national culture that has been lost. This is hardly true of the American Catholics of the younger generations, because the reintroduction of frequent Communion and the increased participation in the liturgical services have given a physical reality to their membership in the Church, although one may reasonably ask if these manifestations can be continued without Catholic education.

There can be no doubt about the dropping away of the foreign nationalisms. Of the thousands of Catholics of Italian descent in colleges or high schools today scarcely a handful know more than a few phrases in Italian and most of them know nothing of Italian history. The youth of Polish ancestry, even if he has not shortened or altered his name, knows nothing of Polish history or literature. Among the Germans, the Central Bureau of Saint Louis and Catholic laymen in other German Catholic centers have found no successor to Frederick Kenkel. Few Irish know anything of the spirit of the Easter Rebellion of 1916. Nor among the Irish does the Irish name imply the Celtic spirit of John Boyle O'Reilly or Peter Finley Dunne. Yet, if there is a bright future for Catholicism in the United States it lies in the accomplishments of the younger generations of non-English ancestry, especially in their preservation beyond any foreign language or custom of the faith and the practice of Catholicism.

In discussing any religious activity in the United States the observer must be content with mere estimates because no government agency is allowed to collect religious data, and no foundation—excepting a recent grant of the Carnegie Foundation—has been willing to subsidize such religious research. Perhaps no accurate figures will ever be available in some religious and cultural fields. The tendency towards an American nationalism has, certainly, toned down the efforts to enumerate the size of minority groups.

Catholics are present on most of the faculties of the leading Universities, we may say, but not in proportion to the Catholic population or in proportion to the number of their Catholic students. It is true that Catholics are overwhelmingly dominant in Catholic colleges and universities, but these are not yet the cultural leaders of the country. Catholic memberships in the leading associations of physical, biological, and social scientists are quite few compared to the Catholic population and Catholics are almost unknown on the directorates of those foundations from which these scholars draw most of their support.

Catholics have very few voices in the great press of the country, either in personnel or in ownership of the agencies of public information to whom the public has to listen. There are undoubtedly many Catholic physicians, lawyers, and businessmen, but not very many leaders in those areas are also considered Catholic leaders. The hierarchy is perhaps the most American group of Catholics in the nation, but its obligation to remain impartial to all national origins and classes has kept most bishops silent.

Neither in the Anglo-American descendants nor the non-English descendants of our earlier Catholics today do we find a distinctive Catholic expression of American life. It is true that all Catholic doctrines have been quite clearly defined throughout the ages and that their preachment has been reserved to the clergy officially, but the fact that most of these doctrines are encased in official Latin and even when translated are not always immediately interesting or locally acceptable calls for more attempts at Catholic expression.

Here the layman has a special obligation. The dominant Puritan ethic in the United States is not merely a perspicacious feeling about the value of thrift; it is historically also a desire not to recognize a priestly class. Given this very important American tradition, there is

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a special work for the Catholic layman to defend and perhaps to extend the Catholic faith and culture where the clergyman is unwelcome. Such expression is noticeably absent despite the zeal of a few of the younger generation.

THE ANGLO-AMERICAN Catholic has no doubt about his Catholicism, but he sees no need to be excited about a situation of numerical and cultural inferiority that has existed since the seventeenth century in the English-speaking world. Properly content in his own national culture, he is not particularly enamored of Irish, German, Polish, or other non-English Catholic desire to create a Catholic atmosphere. As a result the non-English Catholic descendants, who have not been absorbed into the Anglo-American groups, are potentially the leaders of present-day Catholicism in the United States.

Intellectually the members of this group are today in a half-way house, being neither part of their old cultural ancestry nor having yet acquired a new one. The great problem among them today is the preservation of their Catholicism by a renewal of their belief in Catholic things, partly by distinguishing between the good and the bad in their old cultural traditions and partly by a new expression of that Catholic faith which enabled their parents and grandparents to preserve so much that is best in American Catholicism.

The present strength of American Catholicism lies in the strong faith of these non-English Catholics, provided they remain loyal to their ancestral traditions. No one now questions their citizenship. They especially have the opportunity to lead in a true internationalism —so consonant with their Catholicism, and so American in its lack of discrimination—by retaining the better traditions of their ancestral cultures, even those whose ancestors never rose high in those cultures; at the same time they should be most appreciative of the rise in living and social possibilities that they and their parents have achieved in American democracy. Because their parents and grandparents overcame the handicap of a foreign language and culture to preserve their religious faith, that faith should be more precious to them as the one thing unchanged in a changed world. It is about the only thing that can save them from cultural mediocrity and secularism.

Perhaps the present conservatism of the Anglo-American Catholics—their so-called reserve—is but a temporary reaction to a world that seems to travel too fast, rather than a return to the beaten Catholicism of England of the eighteenth century. They too need to go deeper into their ancestral traditions.

These differences, when they are openly discussed, are evidences that American Catholicism is in ferment, and that is a hopeful sign. The conflict, or rather disagreement, between these two forces, and other differences of environment and social situations, can only bring out eventually a better understanding of the universality of the Catholic heritage. If this ferment would cease and American Catholics would abandon their heritages, Catholicism would tend to disappear in following generations into the cultural negativism and secularism which seem to flow from the mechanism of modern life.

There seem to be many contradictions in American Catholicism in the present day. There is the excitement of modern living and the cultural emptiness of neglected cultural heritages. The cultural uprootedness of so many young American people—and that includes Catholics as well as others—contrasts likewise with the outlook of those conservatives who cannot see a brighter future for Catholicism than that of the beaten minority of the past. There is some excuse for cultural emptiness in those newly mature men and women who were formed in the years of depression and war—those roughly between the ages of forty and sixty—but that same generation must be on the alert to save the newer generations.

It is perhaps time to begin to write the history of the past thirty years of the Church in this country. The biography of Cardinal Spellman is an important first step and needs to be followed by studies of Cardinals Mooney and Stritch, of Bishop Edwin V. O'Hara, of Fathers John A. Ryan and George Johnson; but there should be also biographies of the lay Catholic leaders: of Charles G. Herbermann, of Frank C. Walker, of Jeremiah Ford, of Thomas Murray, of Joseph P. Grace, of Frederick Kenkel, of Frank Murphy, and of Catholic lay and cleric in the rank and file. There are too many studies of Knute Rockne and Al Smith. Catholic scholars have not yet learned to separate the good from the bad in the Catholic labor leaders, politicians, and businessmen.

There is need also of a closer survey of what was actually done in our schools and colleges. We need to know why so much talent went too quickly into journalism, insurance, and small businesses, why so few learned the languages of their ancestors or the literature of those languages, why the name Thomism got attached to dead memorization in philosophy.

To prevent much of the confused talk about the future of American Catholicism, there must be more appreciation of the fact that American Catholics have come a long way. Continuation of that progress requires an effort not to jettison the Catholic heritage for either the emptiness of the culturally uprooted or the cultural defeatism of a man-made mechanical world. Catholicism is more than a tradition, but all cultural advances and Christian culture, too, have grown through many traditions, not the least of which are those of Western Christendom—whether English, French, German, Italian, Polish, or even Irish.

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Colonialism's Rear Guard

ABRAHAM ROTHBERG & ROBERT GABOR

THE DRIVE of both the Afro-Asian bloc and the nonaligned nations against the rear guard of colonialism in Africa, a rear guard led by Sir Roy Welensky's Federation of the Rhodesias and Nyasaland, has been pursued with unparalleled determination. By the end of the last United Nations session, the African countries had moved the explosive Rhodesian question into centerstage at the General Assembly in New York, a move made over the protests and resistance of Great Britain, supported by the United States.

Backed by Asian and Soviet-bloc countries, African nations from both the Casablanca and Monrovia blocs won the vote to discuss Southern Rhodesia's constitutional problems by a majority of 55 to 35, with thirteen abstentions and one absentee. The Monrovia bloc nations had already made their position clear in Lagos at the beginning of June, when they called for a break-up of the Federation as one means of disrupting continued white domination of the three territories.

Previously, the UN Special Committee of Seventeen on Colonialism had declared in favor of immediate independence for Northern Rhodesia, and early in May the 17-nation Committee had approved a report condemning the treatment of Africans in Southern Rhodesia. The report also urged Britain to permit leaders in all parties in that territory to help draw up a new constitution which would set up fair voting rolls not rigged by race and property qualifications.

Finally, in the closing session of the General Assembly at the end of June, the Afro-Asian countries, still supported by the Soviet bloc, in spite of 27 abstentions (among them that of the United States), succeeded in driving through a resolution which called for Britain to provide political freedom and equality for the African population of Southern Rhodesia. The resolution also favored British intervention on behalf of revoking the new Southern Rhodesian Constitution.

With the ominous examples before them of the Belgian Congo, Angola, and the Union of South Africa (all Federation neighbors) and the continuing fratricidal bloodbath in Algeria, political moderates, black and white, have for a long time tried to avoid the threatening violence. But the possibilities of their being able to frustrate an outright and violent collision between black nationalists and white supremists in the Federation are rapidly lessening. The whites in Rhodesia, as in other European communities in Africa of size and privilege, have dug in their heels against surrendering their economic prerogatives and political power. Every day the contending forces increasingly polarize around the hardened extremes of police-state violence and racial repression, and the looming dread of civil war.

The color bar in voting is the basic factor in the clash. Franchise qualifications in the Federation are organized to make it impossible for Africans to enroll in large enough numbers to elect a majority, or even muster appreciable opposition, in the legislatures. By ruthless use of poll taxes, literacy tests, and financial and property qualifications, Sir Roy Welensky, Federal Prime Minister and leader of the United Federal Party's white supremacy forces, is committed to denying the Africans any real power. As one means of doing so, he intends to preserve the eight-and-a-half-year-old Federation because the federal structure permits a centralized power which he controls.

Equally determined and forceful in opposing both the Federation and white dominance are the three major African parties, and their leaders: in Southern Rhodesia, Joshua Nkomo's Zimbabwe African People's Union; in Northern Rhodesia, Kenneth Kaunda's United National Independence Party; and in Nyasaland, Hasting Banda's Malawi Congress Party. Between this Scylla and Charybdis, Great Britain and many liberal white settlers have tried to steer a course which would gradually give Africans a greater share of political power until a stage was arrived at in which Africans and Europeans were treated equitably. The British hope thereby to preserve the Federation's obvious economic advantages, prevent the Balkanization of Central Africa and avoid violence and bloodletting.

AFRICANS, however, reject both the right of Europeans to dictate the shape of their countries' lives and the rate of change. Their cry is, "Freedom now!" They are convinced that the only method of achieving full African political participation in government is through the ballot, by which they hope to secure effective guarantees of political, economic and social progress. African leaders hasten to add that they are not sponsoring black exclusivism. They promise racial equality and freedom to the whites, but they make it clear that *they* will do the granting *on their own terms*. As Hastings Banda put it recently, for example, "We are not against Euro-

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peans. We are against European domination. This is our home; we do not want foreign lords and masters, Bwanas and Donas. Europeans and Asians are welcome to stay as friends. Those who want to be lords and masters must pack up their bags and go." But the Europeans are afraid and recalcitrant, nonetheless. For not only are their power and privilege at stake, but also their lives and homes.

While Welensky has sworn to preserve the Federation, African nationalist leaders insist on its dissolution. They declare that the Federation was initially imposed on their countries against their wills and is a framework for maintaining white dominance. It is indeed apparent that the structure of the Federation has been used by the white minority as a means of preventing transfer of political power to African hands. Consequently, Nyasaland is taking steps to secede from the Federation early in 1963, and Hastings Banda has already secured British recognition of Nyasaland's right to do so. Preparatory talks have been scheduled for November in London, and after that Nyasaland will become the independent nation of Malawi. Northern Rhodesia, should the Africans there achieve majority rule, will surely bid for secession as quickly as it can.

But Sir Roy has warned that he will unilaterally declare the Federation a Dominion—Nyasaland and Northern Rhodesia are still British protectorates—and he has also threatened to join with the Union of South Africa and Katanga. Further, he insists he will effect these decisions against African and British opposition alike, if necessary with military force. African spokesmen maintain that they do not oppose federation in principle, but only the present Federation (with a capital F). In fact, some anticipate a future and larger Central African Federation to include not only Nyasaland and the Rhodesias, but also Tanganyika, Uganda and Kenya. Many insiders also point out that the Africans might even willingly stay in the Federation if Sir Roy was removed from the Prime Minister's post and the Federal structure no longer used as an instrument of white domination.

In an effort to strengthen his own hand in dealing with British moves to pave the way for gradual African control of the Federation, Welensky dissolved the Rhodesian Federal Parliament, resigned as Prime Minister, and called for an election on last April 28. His purpose was to seek a popular mandate to oppose the breakup of the Federation, and to preserve it by force of arms if that became necessary. But though re-elected Prime Minister and given the largest parliamentary majority in Federation history, Sir Roy's mandate represented only slightly more than 28,000 voters out of 8.6 million citizens of the Federation. The opposition parties boycotted the election, and the Africans insisted that any vote without broader franchise was a meaningless mandate, scarcely a real acclamation of Welensky's policies. They called instead for a "one man-one vote" technique in a Federal referendum in which all adults regardless of color or property would be allowed to cast a ballot.

THE WHITE minority has ignored these demands. It has no intention of being dislodged or of handing its power over to the Africans in the foreseeable future. Instead, the white supremists have taken to police-state tactics, particularly in Southern Rhodesia. Racial fury has erupted and violence has quickened. Africans have been killed and beaten. Armed riot squads have loosed tear gas and police dogs on them. Peremptory imprisonments without trial, arbitrary arrests, and despotic repression have been imposed under the special Law and Order (Maintenance) Act and Native Affairs Act. As a result, last year saw almost 50,000 Africans jailed for a variety of violations, some real, but most minor and "imagined." African political parties keep being banned (though new ones spring up, or, more accurately, old ones under new names). Their leaders are harassed, arrested or deported, nationalist students are expelled from school, and public demonstrations and criticism are suppressed—sometimes brutally.

To further stymie the African nationalist opposition, in the last weeks of August Welensky and Sir Edgar Whitehead, Southern Rhodesia's Prime Minister, pushed two new bills through the Legislative Assembly which increased even further the already broad police powers at their disposal. These new measures are designed to suppress African public demonstrations and to break Poshua Nkomo's Zimbabwe African People's Union, and to prevent the reappearance of any African nationalist political party under a new name or guise, as has happened several times previously. Though leaders of Southern Rhodesia's five Christian churches, lawyers and other white moderates have attempted to dissuade the government from these extreme measures, they have so far failed to make a significant impression on the white supremist forces.

All this political turmoil is set against a background of bias against Africans in wealth, education, landholding, wage scales and social life. This bias makes

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more comprehensible their nationalist drive and impatience for political power. African hatred is for a *status quo* which implacably discriminates against the blacks, economically and socially.

As in the Union of South Africa, land is divided into black and white areas, the largest and best holdings going to whites. In Southern Rhodesia alone, for example, 225,000 whites farm 47 million acres of the most fertile land, while 3 million Africans are confined to 42 million poorer acres. Not only can no African own land, trade or make his residence in European areas, but he is also barred from moving-picture houses, buses, trains, restaurants, hotels, barber shops and, most importantly, from white schools.

AFRICAN land-hunger is matched by the starvation-search for funds in African education. In 1961, in Southern Rhodesia, 2 million pounds ($5.6 million) were appropriated for educating 500,000 African children, while four times as much, or 8 million pounds ($22.4 million), were voted to school 72,000 European children. Such manifest discrimination is exacerbated by the abyss between European and African living standards, which are fed by a harsh wage differential based on color. Informed estimates are that the average annual income of a white European in the whole Federation is about $1600 against the average black African's annual income of less than $80. The disparity in Southern Rhodesia is estimated at $3600 a year for Europeans against some $300 for Africans.

The growing tension has taken its toll among the Europeans too. Frightened whites are leaving the Federation at the rate of some 1000 a month, and have been doing so for more than a year. Unofficial estimates are that in 1961 more than $70 million of capital fled with them.

Intelligent African leaders and a good many liberal whites sympathetic to the African cause are nonetheless aware that without white European money and skill the Federation and its territories might founder, or at least be shaken very seriously. Northern Rhodesia's rich copper belt is mined by the British Rhodesian Selection Trust and the Anglo-American Corporation. There are no African engineers, technicians or administrators. African farming is so primitive that it has eroded many of the land areas and made them arid. In addition, there are so few Africans with the political and administrative skill and experience to rule the territories effectively that European help for the long term is an absolute necessity.

Africans are impatient for their rights and their impatience is mounting. On the other hand Europeans are not yet willing to give up their power and privilege. That is the impasse that must be confronted in the Federation of Rhodesia and Nyasaland—confronted and surmounted.

THE STAGE

An Angry Old Play

IN THE GENERAL chorus of acclaim for "The Affair" a few voices have been heard to object, mildly enough, that it is prevented from being a truly great play by the fact that it is rather coldly intellectual. This isn't so; it is coldly pseudo-intellectual. It is a play of ideas about ideas about ideas, a work that exists at two removes from any sort of reality, natural or imaginary, and the terrifying reason why it should have been so extravagantly praised is that the Higher Mind which informs one particular stretch of Broadway is itself fixed, more than ever beyond redemption, at that same degree of tertiary existence.

Let me say at once that there is no question of a vigorous and revelatory novel losing its life upon being transferred to the stage. I have read a few things by C. P. Snow, including, just now, "The Affair" in its original incarnation as fiction, and vigorous and revelatory are among the last adjectives I would think of using about him. No, if anything, the play is more endurable than the book, one of the rare instances of this phenomenon occurring. At least on the stage there is less time and room for that peculiar brand of pomposity, that lofty, bridge-building, contradiction-erasing, synthesis-secreting, bland and wishful stance between science and art, fact and value, that constitutes Snow's would-be creative position and his appearance to the world.

What Ronald Millar's adaptation does have time and room for is the unfolding, within certain soft and unexacting theatrical conventions, of an upper-level detective story, that is to say a drama which purports to concern itself with the mysterious life of moral issues and to play dangerously inside a universe of hypostatized values, motives, political attitudes and social ideologies, instead of one of simple emotions and unencumbered acts. The issue in this case is "justice for the enemy," for the man who thinks or behaves differently from us. It need hardly be said that "The Affair" comes out for such justice, or tolerance, but it may be surprising to learn that it wishes to convert its essentially negative thesis into an instrument for the salvation of the world.

Yet that isn't what's so seriously wrong with the play: every dramatic vision seeks, at least by implication, to correct the world. To repeat, the failure lies in the work's not being involved with ideas but with the shadows of their shadows. In a true play of "ideas" there has to be confrontation, interpenetration, a fusion of the palpable and the abstract and of the immediate and the transcendent. In this pretentious business there are only balloons with labels—"Justice," "Loyalty," "Bias," "Tradition," "Dishonor"—all of them floating

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above a surface occupied by characters who are almost entirely discrete, unconnected except by melodramatic pressure and exemplifying nothing beyond their functions as cues to one another's next utterance or gesture.

Adapter Millar and director John Fernald are clearly aware of those balloons and are constantly trying to haul them back to earth. And that is exactly what gives the show away, since nothing exposes counterfeit intellectuality in drama more brutally than the attempt to force ideas into a union with action and physicality from which they have been unable naturally to arise. That is why "The Affair's" little touches, its domestic or psychological verisimilitudes, are so embarrassing. When the announcement is made that the "chicken livers are really delicious," or when a husband nuzzles his wife in a hermetic bit of behavior, or when the artifacts of the drawing-room or the college hall are trotted out, we feel it is all done to prove to us that these people we have been hearing are in fact alive.

And that in turn is useful for demonstrating that the issues they are dealing with do matter. We are meant of course to feel something for the young instructor who has been ousted from Cambridge ostensibly for having perpetrated a piece of scientific fraud but actually for being an unpleasant political radical, and for his confused judges, defenders and condemners, and for his loyal wife (until she becomes the villain of the piece by standing forth as fanaticism incarnate) and, by extension, for all the sad frail mortals caught in similar predicaments everywhere. But mostly we are meant to take seriously the existence of the issues and carry their resolution away from the theater as a weapon in the defense of civilization.

Yet how can we, when someone says "I hate him [the ousted teacher] because he is what he is," and we are never made to know what he is? When justice is talked about but never examined or dramatized beyond the level of courtroom pyrotechnics? When a plea for communication between men is advanced that is itself a flaccid cliché? When the questions of human hatred, envy, fear and intolerance are submitted to no pressure of intellect but merely posited, yielding in the end nothing except the statement that they are serious and problematic?

The acting in "The Affair," as one might imagine, is nearly irreproachable in its artificiality, the heavily English cast having mainly to clip its lines, raise its eyebrows and keep its upper lip stiff. But in the two roles where something a bit more intimate and personal is expected—those of the instructor and his wife—the preposterousness of the work cries out. Keith Baxter plays the victimized teacher with the slouching, cryptically misogynous attitudes of the hero of "Look Back in Anger" (it is Snow's way of demolishing a stereotype to substitute another) and Brenda Vaccaro, an American shipwrecked on a British isle, says "where have you beeen" and "dahling" with infinite care and precision, whenever, that is to say, she is not absurdly assuaging her husband's reputed anguish with "It's a mood, it will pass," or trumpeting such clarion calls as "Middle Roads are not for me. I shall fight for my way and win."

But a play which proclaims that "Justice is more important than anyone's feelings" should not be expected to provide a more real language than that. (*At the Henry Miller.*)

RICHARD GILMAN

THE SCREEN

They Will Not Last the Night

WHEN I saw Ingmar Bergman's "Through a Glass Darkly" last spring, I was struck by its similarity to Eugene O'Neill's "Long Day's Journey into Night." Now that I have seen the film version of O'Neill's play, I am even more impressed by the similarities between the two movies. Both tell somber stories of a summer day with a family of four, who expend their energies during a period of crisis by badgering, hectoring and hurting each other, whom they really love. In both films the characters are concerned with religion, but don't follow through with that concern. It is no wonder that the ever-searching Swedes are so fond of both Bergman and O'Neill.

No doubt the greatest difference between "Through a Glass Darkly" and "Long Day's Journey" is in their scripts. Bergman wrote his with the cinema in mind. He directed its harrowing tale with a fast pace that sped to a startling, up-beat conclusion. O'Neill wrote his powerful, lengthy play for the stage. Yet producer Ely Landau and director Sidney Lumet changed it very little for their movie. O'Neill was telling the hardly-disguised story of his own family—his miserly father, his morphine-addicted mother, his alcoholic brother and his consumptive self. O'Neill's emphasis was on character, and during the course of a long day's bickerings, the people in his play reveal their pasts, their dreams and their woes in the present.

Perhaps the most remarkable thing about the movie version of "Long Day's Journey" (outside of the fact that it was made on the amazingly low budget of $450,000), is that it comes through so well in cinematic terms. It is true that the film is often static and talky. But the talk is fascinating, and director Lumet has used his camera so well that the pictures often seem to flow from sequence to sequence as the actors talk. O'Neill's speeches, seemingly repetitious, but actually more rhythmic than iterant, lend themselves very well to Boris Kaufman's beautifully fluid black-and-white pho-

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ography. Under Lumet's excellent direction, the cast handle O'Neill's lengthy, bitter, sad speeches expertly.

When I saw Katharine Hepburn as the mother in "Suddenly Last Summer," I thought she had reached her peak. But in a more difficult role in "Long Day's Journey," as the dope-taking Mary Tyrone, Miss Hepburn outdoes herself. She is haunting as she revels in her convent-school past with her dreams of becoming a nun or pianist. And she moves us just as she does her desparate family when she turns to morphine to escape the present and drifts farther and farther into unreality. Hepburn is magnificent, and fortunately the three men with her turn in fine performances too. As James Tyrone, Sir Ralph Richardson is amazing in his ability to make the money-mad, former matinee idol sympathetic. More than anything else, Tyrone's penny-pinching ways are the cause of the family's woes; but his poverty-ridden past explains a great deal—though not to the satisfaction of his sons. Jamie, the elder son (well-played by Jason Robards, Jr.), pushed into acting by his father, hates his work and is too weak to do anything about it except drink. Edmund, effectively played by Dean Stockwell, wins most of our sympathy with his sensitive personality and disturbing illness.

"Long Day's Journey into Night" is almost three hours long, but its soul-searching story is so absorbing that one hardly notices its length. Everyone connected with the film deserves credit for a share in Ely Landau's handsome production—Andre Previn for his musical score, Motley for her 1912 costumes and Richard Sylbert for his sets representing the Tyrone summer house in New London, Connecticut. Most of all, we should thank Eugene O'Neill, whose intensely emotional journey increases immeasurably our understanding of an extremely complex family.

ANOTHER thinly-veiled biographical film, but one without the compassion and plea for understanding of "Long Day's Journey," is the French movie, "A Very Private Affair." Although directed by New Waver Louis Malle, who has made biting satires and comedies, and was no doubt a good choice to do this film, it is a very strange picture. Brigitte Bardot plays a role that is apparently meant to be the counterpart of herself, a poor little rich star who is over-worked and has no privacy. She does have a series of love affairs, very privately, that eventually lead only to more unhappiness.

Unfortunately, the script, in which Malle also had a hand, is a confused piece of writing, smothered in banal dialogue. (It may seem even worse in this country because of the dubbed-in English dialogue and the many obvious cuts that often leave the viewer wondering where on earth he is and how he got there.) It is particularly ironic that Miss Bardot plays herself so badly. Perhaps the star she is trying to portray is a pretty, sexy actress with no ability. But Bardot herself shouldn't have played the role as if she were bored and disinterested in the whole affair. Marcello Mastroianni comes through handsomely as the star's most promising lover. There is also a succession of other lovers, other friends and annoyers to please the star or get on her nerves. Still, in one department "A Very Private Affair" excels: in its stunning Eastman Color shots of Switzerland, France and Italy, particularly of Spoleto, where the last part of the film is set in a beautiful medieval background. That background contrasts startlingly with the shallow heroine and her wasted life.

PHILIP T. HARTUNG

V.

("V.": Cesar Vallejo (1892-1937), the distinguished Peruvian poet and contemporary of Neruda)

I mourn a dead friend,
like myself, a good carpenter.
We traveled the streets and plateaus, among battles
and boulders and sorrows together.
How he widened his gaze
for my sake: a bag-of-bones blazing!
His smile was my bread
till he moved out of range and he hollowed a place in the ground
and they hounded him into it.

Nothing changes much: since that time
those who hunted him down while alive
still adorn him and prod him
and pin him with ribbons and give him no peace:
they arm him with thorns
for the penniless sleepwalkers
and hurl him against me, to kill me;
and who has the best of it, tell me: my poor, murdered friend,
or his brother who goes in my name?

This thing must be spoken: I look for a listener
but see no one to fathom that wretchedness,
that banquet of bitterness:
a greatness is gone
that will never smile more.
He is dead in the eons, and no one will hear me,
nothing will come of it, nothing avails us;
for he, in the shire of his death,
his anguish accomplished,
and I with another employment,
are carpenters, poor carpenters only,
with a warrant of honor between us
and our titles to life and to death.

—PABLO NERUDA
Translated by Ben Belitt

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An Unhappy Report

SOME STARTLING news came out at the end of September, smothered in statistics and nearly lost among reports on the crises in Cuba and Mississippi. The story that was almost buried in many papers concerned the findings of a Presidential committee on governmental unemployment statistics. The shocker: confirmation that no nation in the free world with the sole exception of Canada has unemployment on the U.S. scale.

What the committee was primarily concerned with was the reliability of the government's monthly statistics on unemployment. Some critics had charged that these reports underestimated unemployment significantly or distorted the findings for political purposes. Contrariwise, other critics, including the author of a much discussed article in the *Reader's Digest* last year, had insisted that the monthly reports exaggerated unemployment in order to promote quite unneeded federal spending for various welfare and pump-priming projects.

These were the accusations weighed by the President's committee, which included representation from industry as well as labor. Interestingly enough, although some alterations and revisions were recommended, the members were unanimous in rejecting both charges, that of understatement and of overstatement. The Administration took pleasure in this fact; the President in particular seemed happy, remarking to the economists who had prepared the study, "I guess this is your answer to the *Reader's Digest*." I should think, though, that this was about the only happy note Mr. Kennedy found in the report.

Consider the meaning of the committee's findings, rendered as they had to be in terms of dry-as-dust statistics and percentages. For years there were people who insisted U.S. unemployment was not significantly higher than that in other Western nations; the difference was only apparent, they argued, due to the use of different economic yardsticks abroad. This report shoots that comfortable theory, once and for all.

Reduced to the same terms as those used in the United States, the composite unemployment rate of seven foreign countries in 1960 averaged only 2.1 per cent of the labor force. In the United States the rate was 5.6 per cent. Only Canada, with 7 per cent unemployed, led us in this dubious race. France had only 1.9 per cent; West Germany, 1 per cent; Great Britain, 2.4 per cent; Italy, 4.3 per cent; Sweden, 1.5 per cent; Japan, 1.1 per cent. As the report pointed out, in the period studied these seven foreign countries had a combined labor force of 143 million—more than twice the size of our own. Yet they had only three million unemployed out of that number, compared with four million out of our smaller work force.

There are, of course, various factors which do something to explain if not justify this disparity. America's labor force has expanded tremendously since the second world war. Agricultural productivity has multiplied tremendously as the technological revolution reached the land, leaving hundreds of thousands of once-rural workers to be absorbed into industry. In a country like Japan, the relationship between a regular employee and an employer is almost feudal, and there are few layoffs. To a lesser extent employers in France, Britain and Germany are also said to hold onto their workers even in a recession, and in Italy there are legal restrictions against laying off a regular employee.

In this sense a higher unemployment rate here is part of the price we pay for having a freer economy. But I don't think that's the full story, and we would be kidding ourselves if we said all was well. The industrial expansion of Western Europe and Japan in recent years has been nothing less than phenomenal, and we simply have not kept up. In the countries of Western Europe, there is a job for almost any adult who wants one; indeed, in some there is a periodic shortage rather than surplus. Why is it so different here?

In so far as automation is part of the problem, we can reasonably expect a certain number of labor-management collective bargaining agreements to soften the impact of technological innovations in certain sectors of the economy. But by and large the problems of automation and of unemployment in general are too big for particular labor unions or particular industries to solve by themselves. Government has to play a large role, and since the problem is a national one, cutting across county and state borders, the federal government seems to be elected.

No one claims these problems are simple, and I have considerable sympathy for President Kennedy in this matter. He took office in the first place by a slim margin, and perhaps for this reason he has felt impelled to follow conservative economic policies. Furthermore, he did not create the problem; he inherited it, and despite the fact that international crises have kept him from giving major attention to domestic affairs, he has made some kind of a beginning on the need for area redevelopment and individual retraining—and this, it must be said, without very striking cooperation from a Congress controlled by his own party. Nonetheless, with all this allowed for, the fact still remains: the Presiden campaigned hard on the idea of getting America on the move again; so far we have not made much progress on the domestic economic front.

JAMES O'GARA

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David Jones' Greater Battle

ILLTUD EVANS

DAVID JONES was born in 1895 in Brockley, an outer London suburb which offers little for the imagination to like. His father was a Welshman and a printer by trade, his mother came from a Thameside family of mast-makers. And so at the beginning were affirmed two influences that are vital to David Jone's achievement as painter, poet and critic: a trinity of achievement unique in our time, and perhaps in any time. The tradition of Wales and the tradition of craftsmanship: they have shaped all Jones' work.

He became an art student in 1909, and already one can see in his early drawings the delicacy of his response to the world of nature—"we who are of the same world of sense with hairy ass and furry wolf"—and a patient fidelity that seeks out the hidden places of creation. Early, too, is a profound sense of history: seen written in standing stones as well as in the affairs of men. And, with the outbreak of the first World War, he was to play his own anonymous part in the making of history—of a kind, for "the particular Waste Land that was the forward area of the West Front had a permanent effect upon me and has affected my work in all sorts of ways."

But it was not until that war was twenty years over, and he had established himself as a painter and draughtsman of genius, that Jones published his first book, *In Parenthesis* (Chilmark Press. $5.75.), which recently appeared in America for the first time. "This writing has to do with some things I saw, felt and was part of." It is in one sense a highly personal book: the record of one man's response to war, with a composition of time and place most exact and particular. But, as he was to write in the preface of a later book, *The Anathemata* (1952): "What is this writing about? I answer that it is about one's own 'thing,' which *res* is unavoidably part and parcel of the Western Christian *res*, as inherited by a person whose perceptions are totally conditioned and limited by and dependent upon his being indigenous to this island. In this it is necessarily insular, within which insularity there are the further conditionings contingent upon his being a Londoner, of Welsh and English parentage, of Protestant upbringing, of Catholic subscription."

David Jones had been received into the Catholic Church in 1921. For some years he was a member of the group of Dominican tertiaries who, under Eric Gill's leadership, tried to re-create a "cell of good living" at Ditchling in Sussex. But David Jones was never a mere disciple. He respected the inspiration of Gill's repudiation of a mechanized society which no longer had time for the decencies of right making. But he preserved a freedom of the imagination which Gill and his followers usually lacked. It can be seen in his marvelous lettering, based on Roman models, but utterly free and flowing, in contrast to Gill's frozen perfection.

During these years he worked as engraver, painter and illustrator, and such things as his *Ancient Mariner* engravings and his landscapes of the Welsh coast have a splendid integrity, just as later his paintings of flowers and trees reveal a strange penetration into the very core of things, so that even the innocent twig or tendril somehow proclaims the total glory of creation. Later still, the great Arthurian pictures, crowded with detail, are a palimpsest of the range of his imagination, with birds and beasts, broken swords and wounded warriors, emblems in the trees and ruined chapels enshrining the holy things of men.

IT WAS with *In Parenthesis* (1937) that David Jones first showed a poetic awareness that matched his power as a painter. He has been accused of being a "literary" painter, in the sense that his pictures mirror a world so rich in associations, drawn from his absorption in the ancient *res* of Britain and Rome. As a writer, he draws from the same sources. But this is never a matter of archaeology; there is nothing here of nostalgia or of sentimental regret for what is past and over. He writes of a war: it happened at a time and in a place, and he records them. But, like any human history, it is the inheritance of a past that is true and inescapable.

Superficially, *In Parenthesis* might seem to owe something to the Eliot of *The Waste Land*, and even more to the Joyce of *Ulysses*. But such a judgment would be boringly irrelevant. To catalogue the themes and moods of this profoundly original work is never to reach the heart of it. If one is to speak of origins, they are to be looked for in the ancient epics of Wales. On the title-page of each section is a quotation from the *Gododin*, a Welsh epic of the sixth century which commemorates the raid of three hundred Welsh men-at-arms into the English kingdom of Deira and of their defeat in battle at Catraeth: "Men marched; they kept equal step . . ./ Men marched, they had been nurtured together."

FATHER ILLTUD EVANS, O.P., a previous contributor, has written for a number of English periodicals. He is the Editor of the English Dominican monthly *Blackfriars*.

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Such is the strange continuity of a people's destiny, for now, on the Western Front, the ancient allegiances spring to life again. In his preface he explains: "My companions in the war were mostly Londoners with an admixture of Welshmen, so that the mind and folk-life of those two differing racial groups are an essential ingredient to my theme. Nothing could be more representative. These came from London. Those from Wales. Together they bore in their bodies the genuine tradition of the Island of Britain, from Bendigeid Vran to Jingle and Marie Lloyd. These were the children of Doll Tearsheet. Those are before Caractacus was." Under the daily trivialities and the usual loyalties there lies a pattern that endures.

Later, in his collection of critical essays, *Epoch and Artist* (1959), David Jones extends his argument that sees all art as sacramental: a seeking and interpreting of signs, for "the artist has somehow or other to lift up valid signs; that is his specific task." It is at the end of *The Anathemata* that he gives final expression to the sacramental sense of all his making as poet and painter, for it is in the Mass that every partial sign finds its fulfilment: "He does what is done in many places/what he does other/ he does after the mode/of what has always been done./What did he do other/recumbent at the garnished supper?/What did he do yet other/riding the Axile Tree?"

BUT IT need not be supposed that *In Parenthesis* needs at first reading an elaborate apparatus of interpretation. Its impact is direct, its language astonishingly faithful to the shifts of speech and action. Its prose merges into poetry and springs back again to the actual, factual theme: an extended meditation breaks out into a vivid dialogue—the sergeant's orders and the private's curse. But it can hardly be called easy, for implicit is the sense of sacramental meaning that is to reach its superb climax in *The Anathemata.* The book can be read at two levels: the one, tactile almost in its brilliant recreation of the sights and sounds of men at war; the other, at the depth of an ancient understanding of all that has gone before, all that has been hidden, forgotten, lost, but which emerges now as a strand when the waters recede. And for this latter reading a large appendix of notes provides clues to the echoes and the half-lit hints of the text: Peredur and Seithenin, the forgotten slang and the technicalities of battle orders, *O Clemens* and *Responde Mihi,* a music-hall in Holloway and a pub down London Docks.

The period of *In Parenthesis* is confined to six months of war in early 1916, before the mass slaughter of the Somme began. Fighting was still a matter of small units, of men who enjoyed a comradeship that was threatened indeed by death but not by annihilation. It was possible to know a man and share his jokes. It was still a war that had some roots in the older ways: Roland and Oliver were not strangers to this company. And so the book is about men, muddled and inarticulate, complaining and bored, but still men, with identities that matter and needs that appear. They are observed with love. And there is even beauty brooding over the trenches, at a moment of silence, in the early light. But never for long. The voices intrude, the regiment is to move, someone is wounded, someone is lost. A wonderfully observed picture of men on the march across sodden fields gives place to the rattle of rifles and the repartee of the men. And always there is the weight of memory, of older battles and other men, and the narrative—if such it can be called—dissolves into the epic remembered, the sign discerned.

Thus: "Night-begotten fear yet left them frail, nor was the waking day much cheer for them. They felt with each moment's more ample light, but a measuring, a nearing only, of the noonday hour—when the nescient trouble comes walking." Here, the memory of a psalm comes crowding in, and so it often is when the wealth of David Jones' imagination can support what he describes with what has been seen or said before. Nothing is new, all has been uttered before. And yet no book is so quick with the very pulse and breath of life, for life is seen in its furthest implications: no word without its final meaning, no gesture that does not reflect the human situation in its present sadness and its final hope.

Perhaps enough has been said to give some hint of the magical—and utterly unique—quality of this book. Twenty-five years have passed since it first appeared, and it remains untouched by the chances of fashion, for it is as permanent, one may believe, as all great writing must be. It is a book about a war; there were many of them, and who reads them now? It is much more. It is a book about men who are seen in their wholeness, inheritors of all that has gone before. And in *The Anathemata* (which is soon to follow in an American edition) the intimations of what a human history means are declared in a work that is nothing less than an epic of man as made to give glory to God, in which the Mass becomes the measure of all making.

The drawing with which *In Parenthesis* ends (for the book is illustrated, and the reader who is new to David Jones will gain some idea of his work as an artist as well) shows a ram, transfixed by a lance, its horns caught in a thicket of barbed wire. In the background are withered trees, but in the sky the sun still shines. The apocalyptic words—*Et vidi agnum stantem tamquam occisum*—appear beside it. The lamb that was slain has won the victory. *In Parenthesis* was described by one critic as "the best book yet thrown up by the war." It is indeed a great war book, in which the folly and fury of battles are wonderfully described and all their anguish—and tenderness too—is made terribly alive. But it is a book about a much greater battle than any army ever knew.

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Six Novels out of the Summer Doldrums

The Edge of the Alphabet. By Janet Frame. Braziller. $4.95. Billiards at Half-Past Nine. By Heinrich Boll. McGraw-Hill. $4.95. Fortunes of a Fool. By Aharon Megged. Random House. $3.95. Learner's Permit. By Laurence Lafore. Doubleday. $4.50. Seen Dimly Before Dawn. By Nigel Balchin. Simon & Schuster. $3.75. A Family's Affairs. By Ellen Douglas. Houghton Mifflin. $5.95.

by William James Smith

THE PUBLISHING business, like the garment industry, has a spring and a fall season. Additionally, in the winter the houses put out a couple of non-books in the hope that they will catch on for the Christmas trade. In the summer publishers and editors estivate. The books that trickle off the presses are ones that have been held up by printers' unions holding out for birthday holidays with pay, by proofreaders who need new glasses, and by publishers who weren't quite sure they wanted to bring these books out anyway. Prospective sales are calculated as odd lots. One would think that the summer would be a good time for book sales, but apparently the only ones that make it are those that have already managed to make the best-seller lists.

The above grab-bag, if the word does not sound too condescending, is typical. Four of them are reprints of foreign novels (New Zealand, Israel, Germany, England). None of them unassisted is likely to make literary history though one at least ought to make sales history.

The one book that is apt to catch on is Ellen Douglas's *A Family's Affairs*, the latest Houghton Mifflin-Esquire Fellowship Award novel. It is a pseudonymous first novel, though why Miss Douglas chose to disguise herself is hard to say since she has a kindly eye for her family and her neighbors, and a talent she can be proud of. The book is a chronicle of a Mississippi family from the turn of the century to the present—marriage, children, illness, death, domestic crises, heart-warming and warm-hearted. It is primarily the story of how the ladies of the family married off and in that sense it is a woman's novel, but it manages to be unobtrusively more than that.

In conception and intelligence it rises above the stereotype. Generally speaking, I would like to see a moratorium declared on flashbacks but Miss Douglas shuttles through time to good effect. She can quite gushingly recount a girlish love affair and then backtrack and see the events in quite another, colder light. She does this with various little incidents in her story, to telling effect. She doesn't have a word to say about lynchings, miscegenation or middle-aged men who choose to dress up like Marie Antoinette.

Only Americans seem to write happy novels any more. The other American entry is Laurence Lafore's *Learner's Permit*. It is, in fact, a comic novel by intent, and pretty much by accomplishment. The scene is Parthenon College in Acropolis, New York, and the hero is a phony who passes himself off as a Ph.D. in English—though, as a friend of mine remarked, how this varies from the standard condition is moot. Parts of the book are very funny and all of it will have a certain fascination for academics, particularly English teachers who have been puzzled by Id Imagery in James Fenimore Cooper. Some of Mr. Lafore's jokes, though, fail to register.

Janet Frame leads the vanguard of those unhappy foreigners. She is, in fact, way out ahead. If she is a typical New Zealander, that poor little country has no future whatsoever. I made the mistake of reading *The Edge of the Alphabet* on a rainy day. Coming on top of Marilyn Monroe's death it was almost too much for me. It is unquestionably a very powerful book and a very talented one, but it is so profoundly melancholy that it is painful to read. A moronic epileptic travels from New Zealand to London with an insane project for a book on the Lost Tribe. A middle-aged school teacher, turned movie usher, commits suicide because the only thing life has ever given her was a meaningless kiss from a stranger. A mad Irishman struggles futilely for some security and continuity in his life.

Commenting upon the lives of these hall-bedroom people is a mysterious narrator who is "haunted by death and the dead." They are all people who live "at the edge of the alphabet where words crumble and all forms of communication between the living are useless." The book to me teeters precariously on another edge where horror slips over into hysterical laughter. It is not for the suggestible.

From Germany comes Heinrich Boll's *Billiards at Half-Past Nine*, another excursion via flashback to the turn of the century and back. The novel examines the problem of German political guilt from the point of view of a Catholic professional family who have declined to eat of the "Host of the Beast." The book is automatically confronted with two difficulties: the problem of the sincerity (or accuracy of recollection) of Germans who now remember that they never went along with all that madness; and secondly, with the problem of sympathetically presenting a group of people who are terribly righteous, however right they may be.

The first of these two difficulties Boll handles convincingly. His people are real and varied enough to carry the message of their sincerity. Inevitably, though, the I-told-you-so note comes into everyone's recollections. I am inclined to think that if it suggests anything very significant about German character it is its incapacity for moderation—moving from extravagant guilt to extravagant remorse.

Israel's entry, Aharon Megged's *Fortunes of a Fool*, is confronted with a similar difficulty—the question of how much sympathy you can work up for the Holy Fool. I have a

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block on this score to begin with, and when the Fool himself tells you at great length how very holy he is I begin to get very vexed indeed. I am not at all sure that this Kafkaesque study of the problems of good and evil would not have been immeasurably improved by the simple device of making it a third-person narrative. K. was good enough for Kafka, it ought to be good enough for Mr. Megged. Also I am annoyed by book jackets that refer to collections of short stories as a novel. There's nothing wrong with short stories, but that they're all about the same person doesn't make them a novel.

Seen Dimly before Dawn, by Nigel Balchin, is the simplest and most unpretentious novel of the lot and in many ways the most satisfactory. It is a tale of a boyish love affair, or boyish infatuation, with an older woman and his eventual betrayal and disillusionment. One of the leading characters is an Alsatian dog of formidable intelligence and no Lassie sentimentality. Nothing earth-shaking, but a touching and exciting story, though I can't see that presenting it as a long flashback really helps very much.

God and the Self

No Absent God. By Martin C. D'Arcy. Harper & Row. $4.50.

by John L. McKenzie

FATHER D'ARCY here engages in a dialogue with contemporary philosophers on the evidence for the existence of God, making a deliberate effort to speak the language of these philosophers, and succeeding superbly. It is no denigration of Thomistic metaphysics to say that a rehashing of the traditional arguments in the traditional terms meets no response from modern philosophers. Father D'Arcy does not summarize the Five Ways. He does briefly discuss the classical arguments in order to show that they have lost no metaphysical validity. But so much preliminary discussion is necessary even to bring the modern thinker whom Father D'Arcy addresses to listen to the classical arguments. He has, therefore, chosen another and much more contemporary approach, that is, the way of immanence.

Father D'Arcy fastens as his point of departure on the disintegration of the self in much modern thinking, especially in existentialist and analytic philosophy. The roots of the loss of self lie deep in the last two to three hundred years of philosophy, and Father D'Arcy sketches the paths by which modern man has come to deny himself in a sense altogether different from that recommended in the Gospel.

Existentialist thought, particularly as expressed by the French, has made us familiar with the dread and the anguish of the self which feels its nothingness. Father D'Arcy turns the thought of this school upon itself by pointing out that in the Bible and in mystical literature there are expressions of the nothingness of the self and of dread and anguish which surpass the existentialist cry of despair. But the perspective of God revealing Himself alters the content of these expressions decisively. The biblical writers and the mystics come to a perception of their nothingness through an insight into the reality of God. The nothingness of self is a necessary step towards the fulfilment of self.

It is Father D'Arcy's thesis that when man seeks fulfilment he can find it only in God. He does not pretend that the thesis is new; it has been expressed by every great religious writer. The tradition behind the thesis supports it; for it is not unimportant that so many men have found here the key to fulfilment of self. "Where there is no God, there is no self." Father D'Arcy's contribution to this great spiritual tradition is its articulation in the language and tone of modern philosophy. Man finds himself in love, and finds himself completely in the love of the person most deserving of love.

The way of immanence has been subjected to many criticisms of which Father D'Arcy is better aware than I, and I do not rehearse them here. Those who will be tempted to rehearse them when they read *No Absent God* are reminded that agnosticism and atheism also are existential phenomena. The ideas and the feelings which lie behind these attitudes in modern man arise from his modern experience and they are not met by refusing to admit that they differ from the attitudes which lie behind earlier forms of agnosticism and atheism. Father D'Arcy has spoken to our contemporaries in their own language. Whether they listen or not is their own decision; but they cannot complain that they have not had their say.

Antoninus' Night

The Hazards of Holiness. By Brother Antoninus. Doubleday. $2.95.

by Janet Fiscalini

> "These poems, then, are all poems of that famous Dark Night of the Soul . . . I can truthfully say that I have no interest in the conquest of language, as understood by those who seek to achieve a hypostatized aesthetic object. The victories I seek, those of 'appeasement and absolution and something very near to annihilation, are one and all victories over myself . . . ."

BROTHER Antoninus' foreword is succinct and candid. But one ought not be misled by his repudiation of the "aesthetic object," or by the special quality of his experience. In structure, some of these poems approach confession, prayer, or even hymn, but their language is that of contemporary American poetry. And there is no obscurity of thought or imagery.

A confessional, rather than metaphysical poet, Brother Antoninus tends to use the traditional figures of the mystical search: the tortured dialogue; the continuously dangerous journey; the fearful rebirth; the perplexed approach to mystical union. Several poems treat Biblical types of the mystical experience, and a few are visions of the Godhead in the natural world. "In All These Acts," which begins with a description of an avalanche, has an epigraph from the Gospel of Thomas: "Cleave the wood and thou shalt find Me, lift the rock and I am there!"

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Then hemlock tall, torn by the roots, went crazily down,
The staggering gyrations of splintered kindling . . .
In the clicking teeth of otters
Over and over He dies and is born
Shaping the weasel's jaw in His leap
And the staggering rush of the bass.

The quotation may give some idea of the poet's fluent violence. In poems like "God Germed in Raw Granite" his language is more consciously muscular; in "A Canticle to the Great Mother of God" more elaborately "splendid." But he has also a brutally pathetic simplicity: "In terror,/Who gazed in the poisonous pool./ In dread,/ Who sucked of its jet./ Am sick and am sick . . . ."

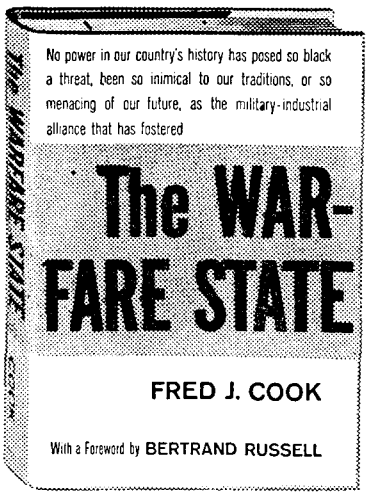
The danger of bareness is reduced, I think, because of the poet's very fluency. Often he doesn't know when to stop. The book abounds in brilliant passages and insights which suffer from rhetorical elaboration.

But, then, Brother Antoninus is attempting something extraordinarily difficult, and no reader of any of these poems will doubt his talent. I was particularly moved by some of the longer poems, where the passages of straining rhetoric or simply despairing baldness seemed unimportant beside the abrupt and final discoveries. The visions of the desert and the maddened horse in "St. Paul's Conversion" are perfect and terrible, and the "nothingness" of "In Savage Wastes" is fixed exactly.

In the communication or representation of such experience, much depends upon cumulative movements: lovely as they are, these lines from "A Frost Lay White in California" need the agonized dialogue which precedes them:

The light woke in the windows.
One by one the saints existed.
The swords of their martyrdom healed in their hands . . .
That was the moment the dawn dragged in,
The cloud closed . . .
I heard the rain begin . . .
It was falling, I knew, out of the terrifying helplessness of God.

"If there are human beings in the world at the end of the present century, Mr. Cook will be one of the men whom they will have to thank for their existence."—Bertrand Russell


No power in our country's history has posed so black a threat, been so inimical to our traditions, or so menacing of our future, as the military-industrial alliance that has fostered
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FRED J. COOK
With a Foreword by BERTRAND RUSSELL

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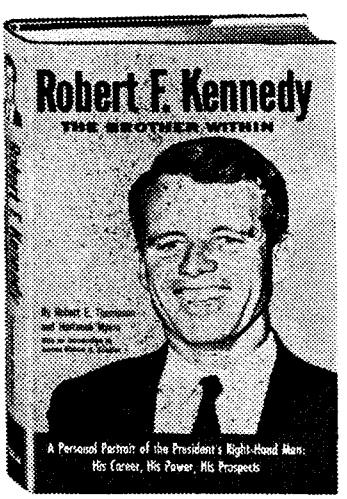
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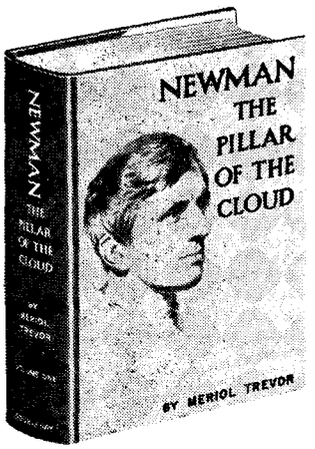

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ART

Mark Tobey: Artist and Thinker

MARK TOBEY, sometimes called "the sage of Seattle," is the second American painter to have achieved an international prize at the Venice Biennale and the honor of a major exhibition in Paris. The first to do so was Whistler. Tobey now has the advantage of a handsome retrospective exhibit at the Museum of Modern Art in N.Y. (until Nov. 4). The current show of his work concentrates on the period since the 1930's when he evolved his distinctive style of "white writing." The exhibition puts forward his best, a fine poetic sensibility expressed in subtle and polished linear abstractions.

So much has been made of Tobey's philosophical opinions and religious beliefs (the Bahà'i World Faith, with its concept of the unity-in-multiplicity of time and space, with its corollary of progressive revelation) that even in William Seitz's book-catalogue for the exhibition it is declared that "his thought will be studied here before the forms, and even the subjects of the paintings."

In my opinion this approach, while it is certainly incited by the artist himself (Tobey seems to talk a great deal more about ideas than about art) is a confusing and invalid one. If Tobey's paintings were simply illustrations of his ideas, they should be presented with a textual commentary.

His paintings have been compared to medieval illuminations of manuscripts (noted in Sarah Faunce's lively, well-reasoned article in *Art News*, also by Stuart Preston in the N.Y. *Times*), and in a way this is an illuminating observation. But he is a painter of "easel" works, and these should be appreciable on their own, for themselves. Spencer indicated: "For of the soule the bodie forme doth take; for soule is forme, and doth the bodie make." The "soule" of the painting should be implicit in the "bodie." In Tobey's best painting this is indeed the case, even though the "soule" in question is not more than generally related to the literal ideas he propounds—why should it be otherwise? If it were, he would probably be less of an artist and more of a thinker.

We do not have to accept the European endorsement of Tobey on faith. The Museum of Modern Art show presents us with a body of work that is eloquent in spite of abstract metaphors and admirably elegant in execution. The hieroglyphics and serpentine mazes of his "white writing" spin animated webs in a delicately colored, amorphous space. That Tobey made the calligraphic principle, learned from the Chinese, very much his own, and very much of his own *time,* is proved by a series of creations. These are

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like variations on a theme—professedly a universal theme ("World," "Space," "Universal") or generalized nature ("Breath of Stone," "August"), but occasionally a cityscape or a specific thing translated into calligraphic diction. "Homage to Rameau" (1960) seems to me to be a tiny *chef-d'oeuvre*: a spray of squirmy, interlacing black-and-white lines on a rectangular field of vivid blue, an evocative, abstract Rameau.

As Mrs. Faunce observes in her admirable article, Tobey is all "delicacy and mood." His intricate kinetic linear style has none of the robust drama of Pollack's, an artist with whom I think he can be fruitfully compared. He is lyrical in form and intention, the scale and substance of his work is intimate and subjective, despite his "world views" and his synthesis of East and West. Perhaps the true relation between his thought and his art may be clarified by a comparison with Rouault, whose forms are not just more explicit, but essential to a grasp of his ideas. By looking at Rouault's work you perceive a strong expression of his view of reality; by looking at Tobey you receive an evocative impression of his temperament, his sensibility.

A word that comes to mind in looking at a large group of Tobey's paintings is "decorative." This word is the bugbear of the abstract artist, and I believe that it may account for the almost frenzied insistence by the artist and his admirers on the profound and elaborate "meaning" behind his work. Whether conscious or not, it may account for the fact that his thought has been considered before his work. Elegant, polished and highly accomplished as an artist, Tobey's forms are delicate. His imaginative range and fervor are limited within the terms of lyrical expression. This leaves him open to the charge of being essentially a decorative painter. The answer to the charge can only be found in his best work.

BETTY KAUFMAN

Schedule for Exhibit

Museum of Modern Art., N.Y.C. Sept. 10-November 4, 1962.
Cleveland Museum of Art, Cleveland, Ohio, Dec. 11-January 13, 1963.
Art Institute of Chicago, Chicago, Ill., Feb. 22-March 24, 1963.

REVIEWERS

William James Smith, a free-lance writer and critic, is a frequent contributor.

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